VVhen wilt thou be the humble ſuppliants friend
And bring him where his ſuit may be obtained?
VVhen wilt thou ſort an howre great ſtrifes to end?
Or free that ſoule which wretchednes hath chained?
Giue phiſicke to the ſicke, eaſe to the pained?
The poore, lame, blind, hault, creepe, cry out for thee,
But they nere meet with oportunitie.

The patient dies while the Phiſitian ſleepes,
The Orphane pines while the oppreſſor feedes.
Iuſtice is feaſting while the widow weepes.
Aduiſe is ſporting while infection breeds.
Thou graunt'ſt no time for charitable deeds.
VVrath, enuy, treaſon, rape, and murthers rages,
Thy heinous houres wait on them as their Pages.

VVhen Trueth and Vertue haue to do with thee,
A thouſand croſſes keepe them from thy aide:
They buie thy helpe, but ſinne nere giues a fee,
He gratis comes, and thou art well apaide,
As well to heare, as graunt what he hath ſaide.
My COLATINE would elſe haue come to me,
VVhen TARQVIN did, but he was ſtaied by thee.

Guilty